

Home = Circle.

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of the coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead.
What though the heart's roses are
ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be
dead?
Still shines the grand heaven over-
head,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills
clear on the soul:
"Gird about thee thine armor, press
on to the goal!"

The fault or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear!
What hope can rebloom on the deso-
late waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and man-
hood arise
With the faith that illumines it and
the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite
world,
From His throne to life's nethermost
fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at
the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no heights the strong wings of
immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt
strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate
Unbowed by the past, which is
dead!

What though the heart's roses are
ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be
dead?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead,
And, sublime as the angels who rule
in the sun,
Beams the promise of peace when the
conflict is won.

—Paul H. Hayne.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and
trembles—
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the
story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's
sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering
word—
What though her heart be bent
asunder,
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to
hear
The bolts of death around him rat-
tle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she
presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and
brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she presses;
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon
her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—T. B. Read.

PROFITING BY OTHERS' EXPERIENCES.

A girl of twenty recently went on a
visit to a young woman of thirty.
Naturally, the young woman of thirty
took a deep interest in the girl of twen-
ty. She studied her comparatively
youthful character, her moods, her
opinions, and was much surprised, and
one might say, shocked at the younger
woman's views as to the aims and
purposes of life. Although it is not so
very long since the young woman of
thirty was youthful and frivolous her-
self she could not understand the
other's frivolity, enthusiasm and almost
total disregard of the whys and where-
fores of things. The girl of twenty
was bent on having a good time, and
did not want to bother with troublous
mental questionings. This worries
the young woman of thirty, and she
felt it her duty (she is always feeling
it her duty to do this or that) to give
her a piece of her mind in the way
of wholesome advice. The result was
that the girl of twenty thought the
young woman of thirty somewhat too
prim and proper. At this the latter
was more than worried; she was
pained. Her idea, as she herself ex-
pressed it, was simply to "save the
girl from some of the stupid things I
did from want of care—and sense."

She had learned much from rather un-
pleasant experience, and she was good
enough to want to give her friends the
benefit of the knowledge thus gained
in order that she might be saved from
learning it in the same bitter way.

But she soon saw that it was impossi-
ble to carry out her laudable purpose;
that the girl would have to be allowed
to paddle her own canoe, learning how
to steer it and the location and char-
acter of the rocks ahead only by the expe-
rience of those who had gone before.

This leads us to the question: Why
do we have to suffer in order to be
able to steer ourselves safely along the
stream of life? Experience is the best
teacher. Yes, but why is this neces-

sarily personal experience? Why can-
not we profit by the experience of oth-
ers as well as by our own? What a
deal of pain and trouble and sorrow
we would be saved if we would but
listen to and act upon the suggestions
and advice of those older than our-
selves! And can anyone conceive of
such a state of perfect serenity and
happiness as would now exist if from
the very beginning of humanity life
each new generation had heeded the
warnings of the one preceding it, in
the lesser affairs of life as well as it
has the greater!

Buy why try to conceive of such a
state! It never can be. Everyone has
an inborn aversion to advice of any
kind, even if it comes from those who
by age and experience ought to be ca-
pable of giving it. As human nature
is now constituted, and as it probably
always will be constituted, people never
can be persuaded to learn from the
experience of others. They will con-
tinue to think that their particular
cases are different from those of any
other person, that no one can thor-
oughly appreciate all of the circum-
stances surrounding their individual
lives. So it was really useless for the
young woman of thirty to try to point
out to the girl of twenty the hidden
obstructions in her path through life.
She must find them out for herself.—
Frank Leslie's Monthly.

IT CAUSED THREE MURDERS.

The Tragic Story of a Huge North Car-
olina Nugget of Gold

Long before gold was discovered in
California there was both placer and
quartz mining in North Carolina and
Northern Georgia, and the Chatta-
hooches river bed is yet worked by
steam dredges for flat and placer
gold, while a dozen new plants have
been erected in Hall and Harlow coun-
ties, Ga., Cherokee and other counties
in North Carolina since the Atlanta Ex-
position. This revived attention to an
old gold field lends interest to a story
told by E. A. Barnes, of Yates county,
N. Y.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Barnes,
"I read in a newspaper something
which recalled to me a visit I had
made to Cherokee county, North Caro-
lina, forty years ago. This newspaper
account was to the effect that the di-
rectors of the Philadelphia Mint was
anxious to find an owner for gold
minted from a nugget weighing 136
pounds sent to the mint by 'J. J.
Burnes, of Pineland Township, Chero-
kee county, North Carolina,' years be-
fore and never claimed.

"As I have been through that town-
ship, and knew it to be some forty
miles from a railroad, and as I was
going to make another trip through the
State, the idea occurred to me to look
into the case. I did so, and learned
the history of 'The Red Creek Nug-
get' and of the three murders it caused.
John Farrell was a squatter on Red
Creek, Cherokee county. One day he
had visitors—two men he had known
long years before. For their enter-
tainment he went into his bedroom
and rolled out a large ball of some-
thing the color of bronze, and as heavy
as lead. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'here is
something I found while looking for
my cow. It is mighty heavy, and I
thought it might be something more
than iron.' His visitors, who were
miners, pronounced his find almost
pure gold. They proposed to help him
carry the nugget to where it could be
shipped to the mint. He accepted their
offer, and the next morning the party
started with their prize for the
railroad, some forty miles distant.
Meanwhile the two miners had con-
ceived the idea of murdering Farrell
and securing the nugget for themselves.
So, while Farrell was carrying the
nugget from end to the pole on which the
nugget was suspended, he was brained
with a hatchet and his body was hid-
den in the woods. But when they
again took up their march, the man
at the front end of the pole began to
doubt the man behind him, and stop-
ping suddenly, he said: 'I say, Mike,
Farrell is sleeping behind in the bush,
and as I don't want to sleep here, we
had better cut that lump of gold in two
and each man take his half and go
with it.'

"This suggestion was agreed to, and
'Mike' took the hatchet from his belt
and cut the nugget in two. Then, still
kneeling, he asked: 'Which half will
you take?' and as he spoke he looked
down at the split nugget. This was
the opportune moment for his partner,
and the next instant 'Mike' lay dead
in the trail with a hatchet gash in his
head. His body was dragged into the
woods and his half of the nugget was
hidden. Around the other half it was
fastened a strap, a stick was run
through it swung over the shoulder of
the surviving murderer, and so it final-
ly reached the mint. The other half
was also shipped to the mint, both in
the name of J. J. Burnes. Then the
murderer conceived the bizarre idea of
going back to Pineland Township to
try to gain the affections of Mrs. Far-

rell and marry her. When he came to
the place where he had murdered his
comrade, three armed men sprang
from concealment and caught him.
By accident his crime had been dis-
covered. He confessed the murder,
but refused to tell what he done with
the gold. They hung him on the spot.
"I made the acquaintance of Mrs.
Farrell," said Mr. Barnes in conclu-
sion, "told her that there was money
coming to her from the United States
Mint at Philadelphia, and with my
help she got several thousand dollars
and moved to Chicago, where she still
lives."—Ex.

GOT RID OF HIS ROOM MATE.

The following story is told by a De-
troit Free Press reporter about a man
we will call Jones, who is now one of
Detroit's wealthiest and most promi-
nent citizens:

Jones arrived at a country hotel late
one night, tired, hungry and sleepy.
After the larder had been raided Jones
asked for a bed and was informed that
his only chance was to bunk with a man
who had already retired. Jones did
not demur, though he promptly made
up his mind to have a bed to himself.
He carried a candle to his room, put it
on a window sill, and when assured
that the occupant of the bed was
asleep, watching him, prepared to re-
tire. As a final act in this preparation
he went to his valise, took out a pair
of savage-looking spurs and began to
strap them on his feet and ankles.

"Say, stranger," came from the bed,
"what in creation are you doin', put-
tin' them long p'inted spurs on yer
heels?"

"Always wear them at night. Can't
possibly sleep without them. Habit, I
suppose."

Jones is a big man, and after the
other had looked him over he crawled
out and began to dress.

"Getting up?" asked Jones.

"Yep. Never sleep after midnight."
Then when he was in the doorway and
felt safe he said: "You doggone var-
mint, all I hope is that you'll have
the worst nightmare ever was let loose.
That'll give you something to try them
there murderin' spurs of yourn on."

But Jones kicked off his spurs and
slept a sleep that was precisely as deep
as the sleep of innocence.

CALLED BACK.

It is one of the school laws in Bos-
ton, as in other cities, that no pupil
may come from a family any member
of which is ill with contagious disease.

One day recently Willie K—— ap-
peared before his teacher and said—
"My sister's got the measles, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here,
then?" replied the teacher, severely.

"Don't you know any better than to
come to school when your sister has
the measles? Now, you go home, and
stay there until she is well."

The boy, who is a veritable little
rogue, went to the door, where he
turned with a twinkle in his eye, and
said—
"If you please, sir, my sister lives in
Philadelphia."—Harper's Bazar.

ENTIRELY INOFFENSIVE.

Disregard of the ordinary civilities
of life often goes unrebuked, but there
are occasions when it meets its proper
punishment.

"Miss Smith," said a young man to
an acquaintance, with whom he was
taking a walk one evening, "I hope
this cigarette will not be offensive to
you."

"Not at all, sir," she replied, slowly
and with emphasis, "unless you
light it."

And not a word was spoken for the
next two blocks.—Ex.

"If war breaks out," said the little
woman with the gray eyes, "we must
all do something to help. We can't
fight of course, but each of us can aid
in some way. We must economize on
our pocket money and buy nice things
for the wounded. We must reduce
our extravagances. We can buy
cheaper goods, you know, and put less
material into our gowns." "Yes," said
the dreamy girl with blue eyes, "I
know what I can do. I can have my
bicycle skirts cut shorter!"

When a man becomes conspicuous
in life now the inquiry is: "Who's
his wife?" as it is presumed she made
him what he is. "There's a good little
angel who sits up aloft and looks out
for the life of poor Jack," there's a
mild little woman who hovers about
and strengthens the congressman's
back.—Ex.

"Young man," said the elderly gen-
tleman to the saucy small boy, "gray
hairs should be respected."

"That ain't what sister says," re-
plied the S. B. R. "She says they
should be pulled out."—Harper's
Bazar.

Most of our misfortunes are more
supportable than the comments of our
friends upon them.—Colton.

Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Here is a column for everybody—ladies, gen-
tlemen, boys, girls, fathers and mothers.
Everybody is invited to write on subjects of in-
terest to them. Never mind if you are not
perfect as a writer, give us your thoughts and
we will see that they are in good shape before
they are published.

The PROGRESSIVE FARMER is a paper for every
member of the family and young and old alike
are its patrons and its friends. We hope to
unite these thousands of our friends "in a bond
of friendship that will be a help and an inspi-
ration to each one of us." The friendship of each
of our readers, the confidence of the old North
State's sturdy sons, and the trust of each of her
daughters, is what this paper aims to win "by
helping each one of them to do more, to be more
and to enjoy more in this beautiful world." We
hope this spirit will animate each letter, and
breathe through every page. Address letters to
"Aunt Jennie," care of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER,
Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S TALK.

Sooner or later we find out that life
is not a holiday but a school of disci-
pline. Earlier or later we all discover
that this world is not a play ground,
but a school. The moment we forget
this fact the puzzle of life begins. We
try to play in school. The Master does
not mind that for His own sake as He
likes to see His children happy, but in
our playing we often neglect our les-
sons. We do not see how much we
must learn and many times do not
care. He has an inexplicable solicitude
for our education and because He is
anxious that we be good students He
visits the school and speaks to us.
Sometimes very gently and then if we
are still playing and do not hear Him,
His voice is raised and startles us as
does a sudden clap of thunder on a
calm summer night. Our life here
must prepare us for the life we hope
to live beyond—that mysterious High
School from which no pupil returns.

We must become pure in heart—and
it needs much practice—for human
nature is vile at best. God loves us
and will give us no lesson to learn that
He will not help us to understand if
we will but ask Him. I received such
a sad, sad letter from a mother whose
eldest son has joined the army. Let
us remember that God cares for us and
ours, wherever we are, on land or on
sea. He permits nothing to happen
by chance. There is a divine purpose
in this war, else He would not allow
nation to be aligned against nation.

We are fighting for humanity's sake—
to free our brother man. All of us
believe we are in the right. God will
show us whether or not, we are really
right.
We gladly welcome several new
members this week, among them one
gentleman who lived through the last
war and I think I voice the sentiments
of the Chatterers, when I pronounce
him a man.

This week all write good letters and
we hope to hear from each of these
writers again. I must ask the corre-
spondents to please be so kind as to
write on one side of paper only, leaving
a margin for corrections.—Aunt Jennie.

A WORD WITH THE GIRLS

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I have been
reading the letters in 'Social Chat' and
am very much interested in them.
They add much to the value of THE
PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

There are many subjects that claim
our attention. I will mention the 'New
Woman' for instance. If I am not mis-
taken the girls of to day, think that to
dress fine and have a beau makes wo-
men of them. I was not taught that
way. If mothers would have their
girls work more they would find less
time for styles. Girls should begin to
learn to sew when they are five years
old. Give them needles and a thimble.
Have them out and make doll dresses,
and piece quilts. All girls like such
work if they are encouraged in it. I
think such training of more impor-
tance than learning to ride a wheel
and many other things they do.

Some girls are silly enough to think
it a disgrace to work. I differ with
them. If they are blessed with health
and strength work will be of great
benefit to them. No matter if their
hands are made darker by dish wash-
ing, no sensible person will think less
of them. A little hoeing in the garden
is good exercise. Most girls like vege-
tables, then why not learn to cultivate
them? Probably some will say that
they are able to live without work.
That is a flimsy excuse. How long
will prosperity last if all of us quit
work? No one will ever regret learn-
ing to work.—M. C. I.

SOME WAR MATTERS.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I said at first
that I would take to the woods before
I would join the army, but now I can
exclaim with old King Agrippa: "I am
almost persuaded to join Uncle Sam's
army." Some of my school mates (I
am still a boy) say they had rather be
a live coward than a dead hero. That
sounds very well, but the man who
loves his country can not always feel
content to remain at home and see his
country's flag trampled in the dust.
I sympathize with Will Rotlaw. I
think he has a "bad case."

Now, only a few days ago I heard a
little brown eyed girl say that she
wished she were a man so that she

could join the army! So you can see
in what a sad predicament am I! I
have two rivals. One is named King,
and like King Alphonso, his throne is
tottering.

Yes, the war is here. Some of our
brightest boys are at the front, and
until here of late many of us did not
realize how sadly sweet is that word
'good bye.' Let us hope that we shall
soon have peace again.—Jake Charity,
Onslow County, N. C.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I notice some of
the fair writers are learning to be good
cooks. That is right. But a young
man should not say good bye to a girl
because she lacks this one thing. Let
them both learn to cook. The ability
to cook a good meal will doubtless be
of much value to him also some day.—
Rex Regis, Cedar Grove, N. C.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S VIEWS

Dear Aunt Jennie:—Some one asks
what is love: "It is a disease of the
brain." It is the product of an idle
brain, and as Jay Hawker says in
Farm and Home, "the best cure is
bread and water and a dark room for
a few days until the patient recovers." Keep busy—keep your brain at some
profitable work and love will not
bother you. It makes most headway
among idle boys and girls who
can think of nothing sensible to
do during vacation and hence must
fall in love. When their brains work
all right again, they see that there was
no reason for it.

When these poor foolish mortals who
learn the nature of matrimony from
sad experience find out they have been
bitten they try to take revenge by
threatening to tax us old bachelors. I
say it is unconstitutional. If I want to
cook my hoe cake and meat myself, or
patch my own trousers and sew on the
buttons in the wee small hours of the
night, while foolish lovers are talking
nonsense, who has a right to demand
that I renounce single blessedness?—
Old Bachelor.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—We dream too
much of the beauties of heaven instead
of bringing some of the beauties of
heaven to earth. There is a real world
and an ideal world. Many, in reach-
ing after the ideal, forget the real
which lies all around them. The better
way is to make the real so bright and
so beautiful that it will be evolved into
the ideal. Don't you see, then, what a
beautiful ideal world would be all
around our various pathways in life?
What a "Heaven on earth begun" we
would have right here and now.—
Lillian Lee Archer, Ashton, Pa.

FOR BEN BOLT: A SUBSTITUTE FOR BICY-
CLES.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I am a farmer's
daughter. Some of the Chatterers
simply whisper their real name to
Aunt Jennie and then speak under an
assumed name to the rest of us. I shall
give my real name for I would not
write if I were ashamed to do so.

Ben Bolt, I can't say whether I sym-
pathize with you or not but I did laugh
at you. I can tell you of a mode of
riding, and if you will adopt it, you
can speak to your girl just as politely
as you may wish, and have no trouble.
You just get an old ox and road cart
to ride on and when you meet your
girl, perhaps you will have no trouble
making your bow. And if you were
to happen to fall, your ox would be
going slow, and perhaps you wouldn't
photograph your self on the street any
more. Now, you may not like this
new method of riding, but you can
take your time.

Some one asked what love was: I
will give two definitions.

1. Inward expressibility and out-
ward all-over-nessness.

2. Sweet uneasiness.—Dixie Curl,
Mapleton, N. C.

WAR TIMES.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I come to your
door and knock for admittance. You
asked some of the Chatterers to give
their personal experiences, troubles,
etc., of the late war.

At that time I was a mere lad
(but now I am nearly 50) and can well
remember how we had to do in those
critical times. What did coffee cost?
Why we could not get it at all, but had
to use rye. Salt? Yes, we had to have
salt and it cost (when we could buy it
at all) \$1 per pound, Confederate
money. Soda? No, we could not get it
at any price, and I well remember a
hollow poplar tree, to which I carried
wood, filled up the hollow, and set fire
to it to get strong ashes for my mother
to make "potash" to use instead of
soda.

I also well remember that my mother
and our neighbors would dig up the
dirt in the smoke houses and drain it
off and use the lye as a substitute for
salt. I also recollect our flax patch;
also the pants and shirts that I wore,
made wholly from that flax.

My hat! I would plat the straw and
my mother sewed it together. My
mother finally made me a brown

"A little
nonsense
now and
then is re-
lished by
the wisest
men."

The game
of CARROMS gives you this relaxa-
tion in the best form possible.

Write for circulars and prices to
Luddington Novelty Works,
Luddington, Mich.

Jane hat that lasted me through the
war. Yes, the buttons to go on our
clothes—my mother made them out of
thread worked together some how in
the shape of a button.

The women made all their clothes.
Home spun dresses, homespun bon-
nets, etc. Some women would weave
straw together and make themselves
fine Sunday bonnets. Everything we
wore was home made.

At one time I gave four days hard
work in the harvest field for one
bushel of rye. I hauled apples to a
still house and sold them at \$5 per
bushel in Confederate money. One
wagon load of apples would fill all my
pockets with Confederate "Shin plas-
ters." (Confederate money in denomi-
nations less than a dollar). One bushel
of apples would buy 5 pounds of salt.
Salt was about everything we bought,
all other things were strictly home-
made.

My father was in the war and was
captured and carried to "Camp Doug-
las" in Illinois.

There were three children and I was
the oldest.

If this is of any interest to the Chat-
terers I will write again. With best
wishes to all the Chatterers, and THE
PROGRESSIVE FARMER.—Manly, Beta,
N. C.

WHAT LOVE IS.

The woman who admires you de-
ceives you; the one who makes others
admire you loves you.—Mme. Emil de
Girardin.

RELATING TO WAR.

The possibilities of war suggested
this to the Atlanta Constitution:

"War," said the old colonel, as he
stirred his toddy, "is too terrible to
contemplate. It should not be lightly
spoken of, sir; it is a serious, sad affair.
I have two graves in Virginia, one in
Tennessee and three in Kentucky, and
but for war the men who filled them
would be living yet!"

"Your sons, colonel?" asked the lis-
tener, in an awed voice.

The colonel tossed off his toddy neat,
and stroking his gray beard said:

"No, sir—my substitutes; the brave
men who fought, bled and died for me."

There the listener coughed and ob-
served that whiskey was not as good
now as it was before the war.

"I wish," sighed the philosopher,
with a touch of irony in his voice,
"that I had looked around for an emi-
nent father before permitting myself
to be born, then I, too, might now be
given a military commission." And he
sighed again.—Ex.

APHORISMS.

One thorn of experience is worth a
whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

The man who has never been in dan-
ger cannot answer for his courage.—
Johnson.

He who has not a good memory
should never take upon him the trade
of lying.—Montaigne.

A man's own good breeding is the
best security against other people's
ill manners.—Chesterfield.

When ill news comes too late to be
serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to
yourself.—Zimmerman.

It is not what he has, nor even what
he does, which expresses the worth of
man; but what he is.—Amiel.

A friend that you buy won't be worth
what you pay for him, no matter what
that may be.—George D. Prentice.

Most men remember obligations, but
not often to be grateful; the proud are
made made sour by the remembrance
and the vain silent.—Simons.

Reading and conversation may fur-
nish us with many ideas of men and
things, yet it is our own meditation
that must form our judgment.—Watts.

WHAT VIGILANCE AVERTED.

"That," exclaimed the Spanish gen-
eral, as he mopped the perspiration
from his brow, "is one of the narrow-
est escapes I have had for some time."
"What is the matter?" inquired his
aid.

"See this typewritten page! I said in
dictating that I was 'seeking light,' and
the amanuensis got it 'seeking light!'"
—Washington Star.

Good actions crown themselves with
lasting bays; who deserves well, needs
not another's praise.—R. Heath.

Every man's life is a plan of God.—
Horace Bushnell.